AUSTRALASIA.

Conflict of Authority as to the Territory It Includes.

A learned society is rather unfortunate, to say the least, when it is unable to tell what its name means. This is the dilemma of the Royal Geographical society of Australasia. It asked the International Geographical congress in London last year to give an answer to the question: What is the true definition of the term Australasia? The congress, being very busy with other matters, had no time for this conundrum, and the question is still unanswered.

The Australian geographers decline to accept the British definition of the word as given in the imperial statute, which declares that "the term Australasia shall signify and include New Zealand and Tasmania as well as Australia." Why, ask the Australian geographers, should New Guinea, Fiji, New Caledonia and the other islands of the South seas be excluded? In fact, no geographical society and few writers accept the British definition; but confusion arises because everybody uses the word according to his own idea of what it embraces. The Australians themselves have tried in vain to reach a common understanding. A geographical conference at Melbourne in 1881 argued the question, but failed to attain any conclusion, and none has been arrived at since, though the great society, with its branches in all the leading colonies, said in its memorial to the London congress that "we consider it a matter of daily-increasing importance."

The fact is, there are few accepted boundaries for parts of the world considered in a geographical instead of a political sense. What is the geographical, the so-called natural, division between Europe and Asia in the southeast? One famous authority says it is the Manytsch depression north of the Caucasus; another, that it is the line following the crest of the main Caucasus range, and still another, that it is the southern boundary of Trans-Caucasia; and the latest edition of "Bevolkerung der Erde," which deals with the matter, gives three determinations of the total area of Europe, according as one or other of these boundary lines is accepted.

There is no agreement even as to the number of continents, for some distinguished writers recognize only three, Euro-Asia, Africa and America; and when they talk of the great divisions of the land surface the number varies from five to eight, according to different writers. Perhaps in only one respect is this a matter of much importance. When a writer or speaker refers to a region it is highly desirable to know how much of the earth's surface he includes under the name.

Until half a century ago there was much confusion in books and atlases with regard to the names and extent of the various oceans. The Royal Geographical society of London appointed a committee in 1845 to settle these matters, and the conclusions reached by the committee, with some modifications, were generally accepted and have proved advantageous. There is much less confusion with regard to the names and extent of land surfaces, but such as exists is not likely to be remedied unless some authoritative tribunal takes the matter in hand and the rest of the world accepts its decisions.—N. Y. Sun.

FORCE OF HABIT AND INSTINCT

Experiments in Biology That Illustrate Natural Incongruities.

Prof. Lloyd Morgan, the well-known biologist, has just published the results of experiments and observations made by him on the influence of habit on instinct in animals. Habit is defined by the professor as action or conduct stereotyped on the individual by repetition while instinct is twofold, namely, inherited instinct, comprising congenitally definite faculties and innate capacity, and acquired instinct leading to the formation of habit. Both habit and instinct are automatic, although like such automatic acts as breathing and walking, they may become subject to conscious cerebration or action of the will.

It is instinct which, when a hen has hatched a brood of ducklings, throws her into a terrible state of agitation when the brood, also actuated by instinct, takes to the water. What experience, asks Mr. Morgan, has the hen of drowning? To adopt such an interpretation is to credit her with powers of anticipating the results of experience, which it is hard to conceive she possesses. It is more probable that her fussy behavior is partly the result of her little ones going where she has an instinctive aversion to following them and partly the result of a breach of normal associations due to previous experience with chicks. Two instances are recorded of hens under the impulse of habit. Each had reared three broods of ducklings in succession, while the fourth brood of each consisted of chickens. One of the hens used to fly to a stone in the pond and remain there while her ducklings swam around her. When her chickens were hatched she flew to the accustomed stone and called eagerly to them to follow her, but in vain. The other hen, finding her chicks did not take to the water like her former broods had done, took them down to the stream and pushed them in. Imitation begets habit, and habit becomes instinct.

Of all British nest builders none surpass the chaffinch for its artistic nests, yet the chaffinches naturalized in New Zealand, having no nests of their own to copy, have imitated those of their hang bird. Instinct prompts them to build nests, but imitation is called into play to decide the style. Reason, which used to be ranged as the antithesis of instinct, is now largely regarded as synonymous with it. Yet it is difficult to regard solely as instinct the behavior of trout in a stream which permits cows or horses to graze near them but will dash away in consternation if even a small child walks near the verge of the brook.—Newcastle Chronicle.

DUST IN JOHANNESBURG.

Lack of an Adequate Water Supply Also Caused the People Discomfort.

A correspondent writing from Johannesburg, the chief city of the south African gold fields, says:

"Dust is the curse of Johannesburg. It not only comes from the streets which are unpaved, but also from the great heaps of 'taillings,' as they are called, which—like the pit heaps at our coal mines at home—are to be found close to all the gold mines here. These 'tailings' are composed of the 'reef,' or rock, in which the gold is found and which is crushed to an impalpable powder in the mills, in order that the gold may be extracted. It is then dumped into huge heaps and as strong gusts of wind pass over these the dust is carried far and wide. At certain seasons of the year these 'dust storms,' as they are called, make locomotion almost impossible.

"Approaching Johannesburg you can see, while yet miles away, a thick haze enshrouding the place, and when you get to close quarters this is found to be composed of clouds of brick-red dust, which is blown into your face and penetrates eyes, nose, and mouth, permanently discolors your linen and drives into the facings of your garments a deep coating which it is impossible to remove by brushing. To people with weak lungs these dust storms are exceedingly troublesome, setting up irritation, which often ends in pneumonia. Then there is the water supply, or alleged supply, furnished by one of Mr. Barnato's many companies and just as unsatisfactory as many of the same gentleman's schemes. Every now and then there is a water famine, and not even for cooking or for washing can water be obtained, for 'love or money,' as the saying goes. It is said that during one of last year's water 'famines' soda water was largely used for washing and for baths. At one of the leading hotels the guests were furious at being unable to get a bath, and one lady, happening to see a pail of water which a waiter had left for a moment, seized it and rushed to the bathroom with it. The waiter happened to witness the seizure and followed, frantically demanding the water back. This was flatly refused, whereupon he begged as a special favor that the lady would use no soap at her ablutions, 'as the water was needed for the soup in the evening!' However, there is now a hope that Johannesburg will soon have abundance of water, for a scheme has received government sanction under which a copious supply will be brought to the city."—Leeds (Eng.) Mercury.

And He Was Carromed Off.

Traveler (at a crowded hotel)—How much do I owe you? What's my bill?

Hotelkeeper—Let me see; your room was—

"I didn't have any room. I slept on the billiard table."

"Ah, well, 40 cents an hour."—Boston Post.

Bring your Job Work to the NEWS office. We are prepared to do first class work on short notice.

An Atractive Advertisement

In a live, progressive paper, that has age, character, circulation and influence, can hardly fail of **PRODUCING RESULTS.** Such a paper is the

CLINCH VALLEY NEWS

If you wish to reach the people of Tazewell on the one hand, and the rich Grazing and Coal Regions of Southwest Virginia on the other, of which Tazewell is the center, you can do so most effectually through the columns of the

CLINCH VALLEY NEWS.

Established in 1845, it is the oldest and the leading newspaper published in Tazewell County. It is a clean, dignified, up to date,

ALL HOME-PRINT LOCAL PAPER, and has the confidence and respect of its constituency, old patrons being its strongest supporters.

ADVERTISING RATES WILL BE FURNISHED ON APPLICATION BY ADDRESSING THE POBLISHER,

ED. L. WRIGHT, Tazewell, Va.

JOB DEPARTMENT.

We are prepared to do all kinds of Job Work on short notice. If you want to have your Stationery printed in the best style, THIS office is the place you are looking for. To the Legal Fraternity we would say that we are prepared to do all kinds of legal printing. There is no excuse for sending your briefs and other printing to the cities, or having inferior work done, as we guarantee satisfaction, and if you will call and examine some of our work you will be convinced that it will pay you to let us do your work. We are prepared to do all kinds of Job Work and hope you will favor us with an order.

Does your business pay without Advertising? Advertise and it will pay better.

Advertising is the life of business.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Two-thirds of the population of the Channel islands are females.

—At the beginning of the century there were only six engineers' shops in Leeds. There are now 210, giving employment to 20,000 persons.

—The kaiser has decided that a picture of the German empress shall be put up in every army barrack, so that soldiers shall be able to recognize her when they see her.

—Parents were summoned in London because their son had only made 57 appearances at school out of a possible 71. The magistrate, to mark his disapproval of such a prosecution, inflicted a fine of one penny upon the parents.

—American explorers claim to have found a waterfall in Venezuela which, perhaps, outdoes Niagara in magnitude. The fall is in the Imataca mountains, in a district hitherto practically unknown. The cliff over which the water falls is 1,600 feet above the valley to which the stream descends.

—The Dutch have a delightfully original way of collecting their taxes. If, after due notice has been given, the money is not sent the authorities place one or two hungry militiamen in the house, to be lodged and maintained at the expense of the defaulter until the amount of the tax is paid.

—Ten of the wives of the bishops, or nearly a third of the total number, are themselves daughters of clergymen or dignitaries of the church. The wife of the bishop of Winchester, for instance, is a daughter of the late Archbishop Tait. Four of the bishops married the daughters of peers, including the bishop-designate of Peterborough, whose wife is the daughter of the duke of Argyll.

GREAT DAY FOR HIM.

There Have Been Others Like Him, Only They Don't Tell.

"I'm one of the men that proposed by letter," admitted the captain, who came out of the war to successfully win in the harder struggle of the business world. 'Though a bashful youth I think I would have mustered courage to have put my fate to the test in the usual way, but I was way up in the northwest when a letter from my adored was received, and one of its sentences gave such an inviting opportunity to say that I would like to marry her that I could not resist. Of course, I'll never know whether woman's wit prepared that welcome opening.

"But when her letter of acceptance came I was thrown into a state of total irresponsibility. The tidings of great joy was too much for me. In trying to get out of the post office I fell over a Newfoundland dog and grasped a pretty young lady to keep from falling. This seemed to me an act of treason and my apology was so confused that she put me down as intoxicated and made an impossible effort to freeze me with a look. I gave a newsboy a quarter without stopping to take a paper, shook hands with several people I had never seen before, beamed on all comers, irrespective of sex, age, color or existing conditions of servitude, and made myself so effusive generally that the opinion formed by the young lady became prevalent throughout the little town. At the hotel her big brother waited on me with blood in his eye, and for some time my heightened sense of chivalry was stumped whether to fight or explain. But I chose the wiser course. It was not long until the entire community knew the whole story, and rejoiced with me. They have a tradition out there that it was a pretty lively time."—Detroit Free Press.

HIS POINT OF ORDER.

Horse Blanket Was Put Over the Kraut and the Speech Went On.

Congressman Dolliver, of the Tenth Iowa district, has a big tent which he purchased from a stranded circus company and now utilizes in his campaigns. Last October, while making the round of his district, Mr. Dolliver reached a town where it was too cold for an audience in the tent, an adjournment was had to a great grocery storehouse, which was able to accomodate numbers of political truth-seekers. In one corner there was a barrel of sauerkraut and near this a great old-fashioned stove, of the kind that will roar like an elephant when the draft slide is pulled clear back.

With a great fire the crowd began to feel comfortable, and quickly enthused under the eloquence of the Fort Dodge orator. Everybody seemed to be unmindful of the sauerkraut barrel. But in the midst of one of Mr. Dolliver's eloquent flights his attention was distracted by an Irishman who said he rose to a point of order.

"The gentleman may state it," quoth Mr. Dolliver.

"Oi move you, sor," said he, "that a committee be appointed to place a horse blanket on that barrel of sauerkraut."

The barrel had warmed with the growth of the fire, and an odor that was anything but agreeable in a political atmosphere was forcing itself up the nostrils of the faithful. The horse blanket was secured from a neighboring stable and applied to the use designated, after which Mr. Dolliver proceeded to the end of his speech uninterrupted.—Washington Post.

Potatoes a la Patricia.

Peel, wash and place six medium-sized potatoes in a saucepan over the fire; cover with cold water; add half tablespoonful salt and cook till tender; then drain and wash or press through potato press. Mix with one ounce butter, the yolks of two eggs; season with a quarter teaspoonful salt and the same of nutmeg; lay two butter pats two minutes in boiling water; remove and instantly dip in cold water; take small portions of the potatoes and roll them into round balls the size of a walnut between the butter pats, the same as butter balls are made; dip in beaten egg, roll in grated bread crumbs and fry to a fine golden color in hot fat.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Bring your job work to the NEWS office.